

Good Morning 309

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

More from Home Town

CARDIFF'S DADDIES.

"FATHERS' Clubs" attached to nursery schools, where post-war daddies will be taught about "nappies" and a lot of other useful hints on how to bring baby up, are among the post-war planning schemes now under brisk discussion by the city fathers.

"Why should we confine the city's clinics to teaching mothercraft only?" asks Medical Officer Dr. J. Greenwood Wilson. Dads are to be encouraged to stand up to their home responsibilities by helping to take the weight of the home off "Mams."

Meanwhile, to rear a healthier lot of babies in Wales's premier city, the Corporation is embarking on an experiment to feed expectant mothers. As part of the new health service, the M.O.H. plans to convert into clinics the present buildings used as first-aid posts and decontamination centres.

He intends to inspect every working-class home in the city to see how many are really fit for human habitation.

ADVANCE BOOKING.

THE day nursery at Elwell Manor, Weymouth, is so popular that it is crowded to capacity and there is a waiting-list of nearly twenty children.

Recently, a woman saw the matron and asked to enter her child for the nursery. The matron agreed and inquired what was the child's name and age.

"Oh, my baby's not born yet," said the mother-to-be, "but I wanted to be sure that you would take it when it is old enough!"

HEARD IT?

HAVE you heard the story of the Wren who thought that a sounding was only the medical officer's job?

SCHMELING-Nazi; NEUSEL-A Good Sportsman

BEATING-UP BERLIN.

In due course the German wormed his way into our annual fixtures. The amateurs gave them a welcome, and the Metropolitan Police arranged fixtures with the Berlin Police, and, as we might expect, gave them some good lickings.

They will not find it so easy to secure sporting fixtures after this affair is over. The A.B.A. and the Police are determined to send the Hun boxers to Coventry in more ways than one.

On the professional side, few German boxers amounted to much outside their own country. Max Schmeling was the best, and although he did manage to win a world title, it was only because his opposition was not up to world championship standard. He came at a lean period, particularly in the heavy-weight line.

The Germans liked to refer to Schmeling as a second Jack Dempsey, but he was a long way from being that. The remarkable thing was that when first Schmeling took to the ring he did bear a close resemblance to Dempsey, but when it came to fighting the likeness was not quite so close.

In fact, it was due to this likeness that Schmeling became attracted to the ring.

He saw a large photograph of Jack Dempsey, who at that time held the world's heavy-weight championship, and was at once attracted by the likeness to himself.

This set the German thinking, and he argued with himself that, as he was so much like the champion in appearance, he may perhaps possess the same attributes. It became so firmly fixed in his mind that

he decided to put it to the test. He took some lessons, and was not discouraged. On the contrary, he was so strong that he found difficulty in getting his friends to box with him.

He was not long in establishing himself, and, in view of the official attitude towards boxing in Germany, he was given every encouragement.

SCHMELING—PARATROOPER.

He succeeded in making a tidy fortune out of his ring activities, and he married the highest-paid German film actress. They owned a large estate in the country, and you may be sure the war has not added to their happiness—not that we need bother about that.

Schmeling was one of the early German paratroopers, and was used by Goebbels for propaganda purposes for both home and foreign consumption.

In the days of the fighting in Crete he was reported to have been knocked out for good by our boys, but this was promptly denied by the Germans. It seems, however, that he must have been seriously wounded, for only a short while ago it was reported that Schmeling had been permitted to retire and that he had gone to his home in the country.

You may be sure that the Germans would not have released him if he could have been of the slightest use as a fighter. So much for Schmeling.

The other German boxer who was not exactly a failure was Walter Neusel, better known in Britain than was Schmeling.

In the course of many appearances in this country Neusel became very popular.

He was the clean-looking, fair-haired Saxon type, splendidly built, and clean in his boxing. He became popular as a result of his very first appearance, and I must say that he did nothing to besmirch his character in the ring.

NEUSEL—ANTI-NAZI.

I think it is rather significant that we have never heard a word of Neusel since the war started. It is to be noted that Goebbels has never used Walter Neusel for propaganda purposes.

You see, he was not a Nazi.

I can tell you that long before the present war started he was in bad odour with the Nazi authorities. It was at the time when the Nazis started on their anti-Jewish campaign that Neusel was ordered to break his contract with his old manager and to place himself in the hands of a manager of "pure Aryan descent."

Neusel had been brought to the front by a very good manager named Damski, who was not an Aryan. Damski was a Jew, and a very good Jew at that. He had been such a good friend to Neusel that the boxer thought it would be a crime to part company with him.

It marks him as a man of

people liked Neusel. "Well, what has brought you over here at this murky moment?" was the question Hulls put to his visitor.

"Oh, there is nothing doing in Paris just now, so I thought I would come over and see if you could fix me up with a fight," was the reply.

Hulls looked at his man in wonderment.

He was not a stranger to fighters who housed bats in their belfrys, and he wondered if Neusel was becoming one of these.

"Have you gone crackers?" Neusel was puzzled and waited for the explanation.

"Don't you know," asked Hulls, "that my country and yours will be at war with each other in a matter of hours from this moment?" Neusel looked aghast. "War! War between England and Germany! I can hardly believe it."

WAR COMES—HE GOES.

"You'll believe it right enough if you stay here another day," said Hulls. "You will be scooped up by the police and interned as an enemy alien."

Neusel was at this point more scared than he had ever been in the ring.

Saying that he had just time to catch the boat-train for Paris, he said good-bye and left in a hurry.

That was the last we heard of Neusel. Is he alive or dead? I have asked several Frenchmen who have managed to get away to this country, but none of them had known anything concerning this German boxer.

If he is alive, it is quite possible that he is in prison, or in a concentration camp, which amounts to the same thing. He may be dead. Shot off-hand maybe for having disobeyed instructions so long before the war.

If he had been forgiven and had been taken into the German Army you may be sure his name would have been used for some purpose or other.

That is why I think it is highly significant that we have not heard a word concerning this German fighter who was not a Nazi.

W. H. Millier ends his first 'Golden Age of Boxing' Series. Next week he asks: 'What does Sport mean to YOU?'

Remember—A.B. Edward Gallagher?

(Asks Derek)

BET you will remember the leave when you took your youngest son, Derek, out to play snowballs, for the first time, in the garden of your home in Kingsley Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Remember, too, the look of astonishment on his face when he saw "all the white stuff," as he called it, covering the streets and gardens?

You rolled him some snowballs, and he wouldn't take them, until he saw what happened when they fell to the ground with a "splish."

Then you couldn't make them fast enough for him to take

from your hands and smash them on the newly swept garden path.

Remember, too, the battle you had with your eldest son, Edward, in the next garden? Judging by what we heard, it must certainly have been a battle-royal. Edward says he scored the most bullseyes—although he adds, "Dad wasn't too bad, considering!" All's well at home, Edward, and all send their love to you. Good Hunting!

Know These Sports?

FOOTBALL and cricket!

Known to everyone, of course. But how many folk have heard of Knur and Spell?

Yet large numbers of miners, publicans, factory workers and others in Yorkshire and Lancashire are looking forward in eager anticipation to the opening of the Knur and Spell season in a few weeks' time. Almost unknown outside of these two Northern counties, it is played in lonely parts of the wide stretches of moorland. There is always a bookmaker or two present during the contests, and in a season thousands of pounds are won and lost.

The real cracks seldom compete for less than £100 a side, and the stakes put down by the lesser fry are seldom lower than £25. The usual sum for those who have not reached the top flight is £50.

Called "Working Man's Golf" by some, Knur and Spell is a very old game, exactly how old none of its devotees seems to know. It is a kind of trap and ball game, the spell answering to the trap and the knur to the ball. With an implement called the pommell, the player hits the trap. The ball is then released, and as it rises into the air the player strikes it, and victory goes to the one who sends it farthest.

The pommell is a tapering ash stick, some four feet in length, with a head of beech, faced with maple—something resembling a beer bottle in shape and flattened on the striking surface. Some pommells are made of hickory. In the olden days the knur was a sphere of boxwood, but nowadays it is usually made of porcelain or pot. About an inch in diameter, it weighs half an ounce.

The playing pitch is staked off, there being a stake between each "score"—every twenty yards. In the good old days of boxwood knurs a crack could hit one 13 "score"—260 yards; but to-day this distance cannot be reached with the pot ball.

Many of the biggest matches are arranged in pubs, and the games are always played within reasonable distance of a good "local." In these days of limited transport it is difficult for the players and spectators to reach the playing arenas, but they manage to get there somehow, some of them walking many miles to and from their destinations. Unlike the cock-fighters, they have nothing to fear from the law.

QUOITS, a long-forgotten game in most parts of England, is still one of the most popular Saturday afternoon pastimes

among miners of the Durham coalfields. Anyone dubious of the hold which quoits has on the Durham miner need do no more than visit High Spen, small mining village, which everyone connected with the county will tell you is the home of quoits champions. Practically every man in the village is reputed to be a champion of some kind or another.

As played by the Durham miners, quoits departs somewhat from the generally understood version of the game. Instead of a number of pegs, only one is placed in the centre of a circle. The quoits used are of metal, about the size of a dinner plate, and the winner is the player who rings the peg or gets nearest to it.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

These are days of large armies, but before the present war some countries had lilliputian forces. Monaco, for instance, could muster only 75 guards, 75 carabinieri, and 20 firemen—the smallest army in the world. Next came that of Luxembourg with 135 gendarmes, 170 volunteers, and 30 musicians, though the law said that "in case of war, the number of volunteers may be temporarily raised to 250." In the Negro Republic of Liberia the army comprised 800 officers and 700 privates!

In America to-day there are still several Universalist Churches, keeping alive the doctrine of the salvation of all men. The Universalists were first heard of in the third century, and in 553 they were condemned by the Council of Constantinople. The sect is rarely heard of in Britain.

It really is a fact that a cock was once tried for witchcraft. This was by the Roman Catholic Church at Basle, Switzerland, in the 14th century, when a cock which had laid an egg was tried, found guilty, and, with its egg, burnt at the stake by the town executioner.

WANGLING WORDS—264

1. Put press into SON, and make a medical man.
2. Rearrange the letters of OH I GRIN MABEL and get an opera (two words).
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: ATOM into MITE, LORD into KING, LONG into LAST, GRAY into BLUE.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from UNDERSTANDING?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 263

1. REcollection.
2. TANNHAUSER.
3. GNAW, GNAT, GOAT, MOAT, MOAN, MORN, MORE, CORE, COTE, CITE, BITE, BILL, BALL, BAIL, BOIL, COIL, COOL, COAL, GOAL, GOAT, CASH, CAST, CANT, PANT, PINT, MINT, KIND, BIND, BAND, LAND, LANE, CANE, CARE.
4. Core, Rose, Sore, Sire, Rise, Cane, Sane, Rain, Cone, Nose, Cans, Scan, Corn, Seen, Near, Rein, Rice, Sear, Seer, Care, Race, Scar, etc. Score, Scare, Scone, Niece, Crone, Nacre, Risen, Resin, Crane, Naise, Snore, Saner, Rises, Nonce, Norse, etc.

JANE

While Jane tosses on her bed, unable to sleep for her troubles and problems....



MY friend Trujillo perceived which way the wind was blowing, and threw all his weight behind the candidature of General Vasquez. The American officers had recommended him and he was now colonel commandant of the forces. I never saw any man blossom out like my ex-lodger. He had some quality in him which commanded respect, so that people sought his favours instead of making him run after them. It was something born in the man.

General Vasquez was in due time elected amid wild rejoicing. Hundreds of posts were created for loafers and grafters, many of whom could barely write. I lost my job of Inspector-General, being replaced by a young native officer, the son of one of my subordinates who had supported Vasquez. He was paid just half the salary I had been getting; yet on 105 dollars a month he was able to buy a 2,000-dollar house within a year. I realised that I had not mastered all the secrets of sanitation!

It was felt that capital punishment was a blot and reproach on an enlightened republic like Santo Domingo, so capital punishment was immediately abolished. Vasquez began to borrow money from the United States, and the national debt swelled once again to proportions of which any patriot could be proud. Wild parties took place every Sunday, and on each of the many saints' days honoured by the pious Latins. Vasquez became amorous in his old age, and began to take an awful interest in young women and wives. Even the children stayed away from school.

Being a man of vision, General Trujillo was making money hand-over-fist. There were between five and six thousand soldiers in Fort Ozama, and a good supply of convicts in the cells. The general bought a quantity of brushes and boot polish and set the convicts to polish the soldiers' boots every morning. This arrangement provided the prisoners with healthy exercise, and smartened up the troops. Fifty cents was deducted from each soldier's pay every month. It was not much, but it mounted up.

Then he started a Guardia magazine, which the officers wrote under pain of severe displeasure, and which each private was ordered to buy. It appeared monthly and cost a dollar. There was no compulsion to read this periodical, of course. Trujillo was much too enlightened to interfere with the freedom of the individual.

He bought two cattle ranches outside the city and staffed them with soldiers, who were thus provided with a nice open-air holiday, but no extra pay. From these ranches he supplied milk and fresh meat to the troops, prisoners, Government hospitals, and every other kind of institution. The more they ate, the better he liked it.

There was no slackening-off in the Guardia Nacional. Trujillo chose his soldiers carefully, and maintained

Making Money Hand over fist

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life
Story of a
Roving Adventurer

PART XVIII

strict discipline. Colonel Breckinridge and Admiral Hughes came down in the U.S.S. "Seattle" and inspected the Guardia. Breckinridge said to me, "It's hard to admit it, but these natives are as good as our own marines. Trujillo has certainly kept the Guardia up to the standard we set." Trujillo was always most attentive and courteous to any

American officers passing through his territory. When the Goodwill fliers landed on their South American trip he provided a company of the Guardia to help with the planes. There are a good many flies in Santo Domingo, of all shapes, sizes and colours. But very few of them roost on Trujillo.

The political situation began to warm up. Vasquez and his Government had been elected for the constitutional period of four years, but so great was their zeal to serve their country that they passed a law extending the tenure of office by two more years. This move did not please a string of upright statesmen all hoping to become President in their turn. They were like angry boarders in a lodging-house clustering round the bathroom door, while the man in possession dawdled in luxury with the hot tap full on. And Vasquez did not stint himself of hot water, squandering 96,000,000 dollars in the course of six years.

Velasquez was Vice-President, having formed an alliance with Vasquez during the election in return for a

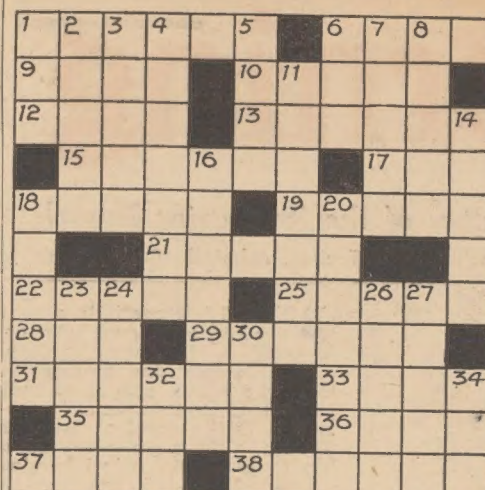
ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



HOWYA, PAL!

Now, listen here, this is a serious affair, for this old chap is no commoner. He is a Sorcerer of the Orokaivas, who live on the north coast of Papua. He can kill men (and anybody else) by looking at them. He makes witchcraft, charms, deadly emblems. And he is feared by the whole tribe because he has this power of death or life. That's his badge stuck through his nose, the old wizard.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Runs away.
- 6 Frolic.
- 9 Frown.
- 10 Sea.
- 12 Particle of dust.
- 13 Lofly.
- 15 Impregnable.
- 17 Drink.
- 18 Deserve.
- 19 Muddled.
- 21 Suffice.
- 22 Frequently.
- 25 Attempt.
- 28 Old saying.
- 29 Shunting track.
- 31 Draw out.
- 33 Cleaning substance.
- 35 Musty.
- 36 Transport.
- 37 Fluency.
- 38 Gun.

WOLF SHIFTS
BAILEE LOW
TOUR PALATE
HEN BORAX
O CLAY PENT
USHER VENUS
A N N I L G
STAINED AGO
LIFE WETHER
ORANGE IOTA
PERT LACY L

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Tree.
- 2 Detach.
- 3 External.
- 4 Exact.
- 5 Fly high.
- 6 Vigour.
- 7 Scotch owner.
- 8 Abolish.
- 11 Adhered.
- 14 Polishing mineral.
- 16 Saucepan.
- 18 Elk.
- 20 Ceases.
- 23 Artificial.
- 24 Taunts.
- 26 Sea-pike.
- 27 Precious stone.
- 30 Also.
- 32 Animal.
- 34 Favourite.

percentage of the jobs and pickings for his own followers. When he was safely in the saddle the President sacked the Velasquez minority and compelled the Vice-President to resign. Realising that an election could not be put off much longer, the President, with promises and bribes, began to fish for supporters among the opposition party. This exasperated his own henchmen, and it became increasingly plainer that old Vasquez's day was done.

Estrella Urena, Minister of Justice, resigned his post, not wishing to go down with a sinking ship. He became very thick with Trujillo, and I guessed from the General's hints that a revolution was in the offing.

Suddenly Estrella's men armed themselves with old rifles, machetes and clubs, and seized the forts of Monte Christie, Santiago, Puerto Plata and other towns. Then they marched into Santo Domingo City and proclaimed the revolution. Trujillo's soldiers paraded the streets, cheering wildly and walking arm-in-arm with the rebels. Vasquez sent out a major and 300 soldiers, ordering them to crush the revolt, but they did nothing about it.

With deep cunning, the President summoned Trujillo to the palace, meaning to arrest him. Trujillo arrived grinning, with a body of picked officers at his back; whereupon Vasquez changed his mind. Vasquez was persuaded to resign, loaded into an aeroplane, and flown off to Cuba. The aeroplane is rapidly superseding the firing squad in Latin America for disposing of unwanted politicians.

Many people condemned Trujillo, saying that he had double-crossed his protector and bitten the hand that fed him. But that is the way of politics

everywhere. Trujillo knew that Vasquez stood no chance of being re-elected, and Vasquez out of office meant General Trujillo out of a job. Besides, it had been a nice, orderly revolution, in which no blood had been spilled. There was not so much as a black eye in the whole length and breadth of the country.

Later, Trujillo held a "constitutional election."

It was walk-over for Trujillo. Although the opposition stayed away from the polls, 500,000 votes were cast. Dead men and Chinamen, centenarians, lunatics, and infants in arms, all flocked to the polls. Even the birds of the air and the fish in Dominican territorial waters must have been enfranchised to secure such a total.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. Does a cow rise forefeet first—and a horse?
2. What is the difference between a calendar, a calender, and a colander?
3. What is the actual meaning of "khaki"?
4. What divides by uniting and unites by dividing?
5. What is a deciduous tree?
6. Which has the louder chirp, a male or female cricket?
7. From what is cashmere obtained?
8. Do you believe that the sight of red enrages a bull?
9. Would it be possible for a newly born kangaroo to be held in the palm of the hand?
10. A necropolis is a kind of collar, Russian cart, a cemetery?

Answers to Quiz in No. 308

1. The white.
2. The earth.
3. Friend.
4. Crossing the River Rye.
5. No; he's a man who studies the chemical composition of rocks.
6. A book representing the Law.
7. Police. The Bertillon system is one dealing with fingerprints.
8. No; the heaviness of the atmosphere of thundery weather may turn milk sour—not the thunder.
9. A Thespian is an actor.
10. A tortoise lives on land; a turtle in the sea.
11. A dendrologist is a man who studies the history of trees.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Found 'im under the rubbish dump, sir! Been hiding there since his pals were repatriated!"

Georgie has gone straight round to report to the Colonel....



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

YOUNG EX-SERVICE MEN.

LEADERSHIP, that is to say, in the dynamic sense, for democracy and all our causes may well be lost in the fog of victory unless our young men both enter and leave the conflict with a deep understanding of the issues involved and a lively interest in reconstruction in the widest sense. Service life is not normally conducive to the production of interest in wide issues. Life at sea (and no doubt in the air or in a tank) encourages a natural preoccupation with the immediate piece of war in hand. Disasters and victories elsewhere are alike greeted as events in some distant planet, with no likely influence upon an offensive E-boat or a persistent Dornier.

D. G. Dodds.

MERRY ENGLAND?

I AM prepared to believe that there was once a Merry England in which the villagers danced upon the green and sang choruses together in complete abandon. But when we seek to revive these gaities a ghastly chill of artificiality comes to check our revelry. Only among the smoke and beer of music halls, or in the great popular gusts which sweep football crowds, do we find some breath of that breeze of common gaiety which once (we are repeatedly assured) was ours.

Harold Nicolson.

CRUSADE.

IF we have been right in declaring that the war against Hitler and all that he avows and embodies is truly to be regarded as, in the deepest sense of the famous word, a Crusade, then we must throw into the conflict Everything, save our principles. . . . In the interest of the human spirit and of its intellectual, artistic, and, above all, ethical potencies and promises, we dare not lose this Crusade; and, therefore, no sacrifice of anything which victory requires can be too great.

Bishop Hensley Henson.

CRICKET.

WHAT an odd race are the English to have invented and brought to its perfection a game which, I suppose, is more unfitted to the English climate than to that of any other European country. I wonder whether we would ever have played cricket so greatly, and cared for it so intensely, if it hadn't been that rain so often stopped play.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

LIBERATE GERMAN MINDS!

A FUNDAMENTAL change is necessary in the class structure of Germany; in plain words, the Junkers and heavy industrialists must be deposed. If that is to happen, the German masses must first recover their power to think and act in combination, after ten years of silence and repression. I argue, therefore, that Amtogt ought not to forbid political discussion and organisation among Germans. Their minds can be liberated only by activity and responsibility. We cannot govern them into health.

H. N. Brailsford.

SEAMAN AND LANDSMAN.

LIVING on an island has built something into the British character which some of the Continental peoples haven't got, a certain quietness—modesty. We don't ever want to set ourselves up against others and we don't bear malice. On shore, though, I think modern progress has made mankind a bit arrogant, British included. Man thinks he's defeated Nature. He thinks the works of man are the most important thing. And he is inclined to forget religion and pour his energies into a struggle to be better than the next man. I think our experience at sea teaches any ordinary seaman better than that.

Alan Moseley (Merchant Seaman).

CANADA.

CANADA is simply one more small nation in a world dominated by the great Powers. We are realistic on that point. And we know that our future safety lies ultimately, not inside any imperial orbit, nor inside any American sphere of influence. It lies in the creation of a larger system of international law and order, inside which the special ambitions and policies of even the greatest Powers can be worked out, not in opposition to, but in collaboration with, all their neighbours.

George V. Ferguson (Canadian Editor).

STATE CONTROL.

IN this war we have seen an all-round imposition of State control. We have seen the whole of external trade, practically the whole food industry, practically the whole of transport, subjected to public direction. Indeed, it is difficult to think of any industrial activity which carries on in conditions which can be characterised as private enterprise. So that proposals and schemes which formerly would have seemed not only outrageous and revolutionary, but also impracticable and unworkable, are now commonplaces of discussion and familiar matters of experience.

G. L. Schwartz (London School of Economics).

Good Morning

20th Century-Fox starlet, Vivian Blaine, who made a hit in "Thru' Different Eyes." We imagine her own eyes will get her places anyway. Don't you agree?

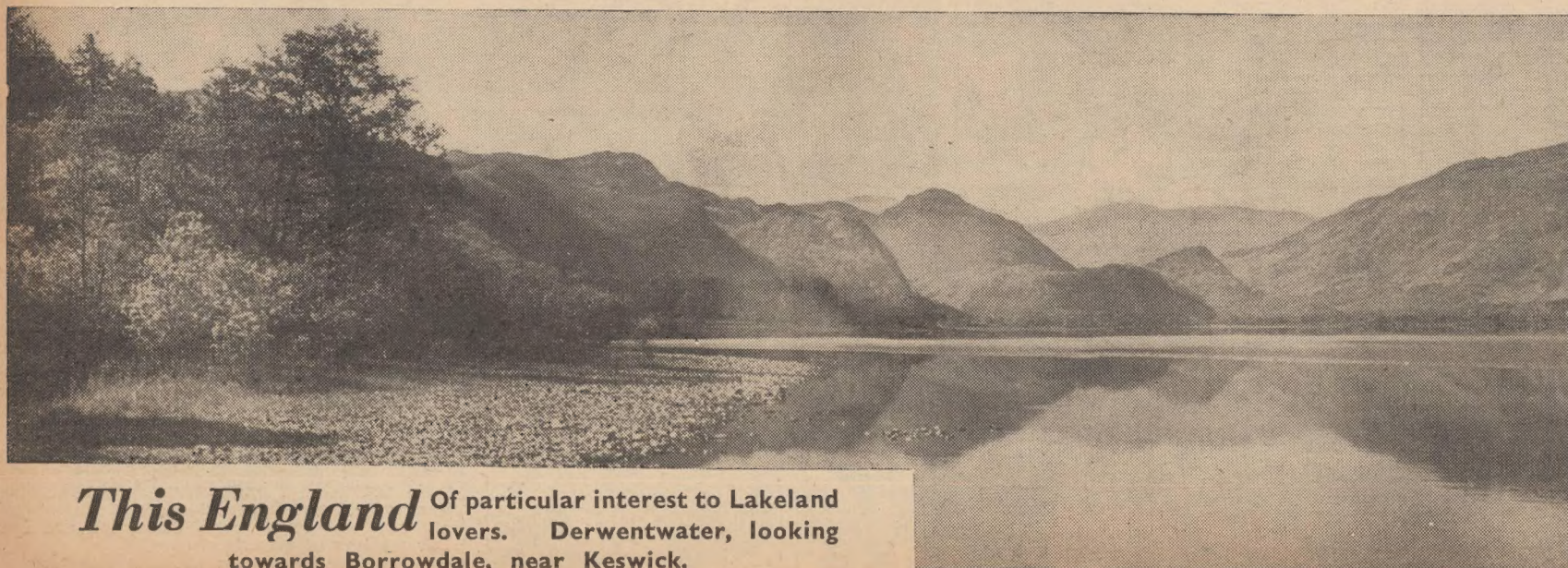
WASTED AFFECTION



"Believe it or not, but the kid is so generous that he won't even take a drink of milk by himself."



BIRD-SONG AT FEEDING TIME



This England Of particular interest to Lakeland lovers. Derwentwater, looking towards Borrowdale, near Keswick.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Come closer, I can't hear you."

